A greene Gooſe, a Goddeſſe, pure pure ydotarie.
God amende vs, God amende, we are much out a th'way.

Enter Dumaine.

Long. By whom ſhall I ſend this(companie?) Stay.
Berow. All hid, all hid, an olde infant play,
Like a demie God, here ſit I in the ſkie,
And wretched fooles ſecrets heedfully ore ey.
More Sacks to the myll. O heauens I haue my wyſh,
Dumaine transformed, foure Woodcocks in a dyſh.
Duma. O moſt deuine *Kate*.
Berow. O moſt prophane coxcombe.
Duma. By heauen the woonder in a mortall eye.
Ber. By earth ſhe is not, corporall, there you ly.
Duma. Her Amber heires for foule hath amber coted.
Ber. An amber colourd Rauen was well noted.
Duma. As vpright as the Ceder.
Ber. Stoope I ſay, her ſhoulder is with child.
Duma. As faire as day.
Ber. I as ſome dayes, but then no Sunne muſt ſhine.
Duma. O that I had my wiſh?
Long. And I had mine.
King. And mine too good Lord.
Ber. Amen, ſo I had mine: Is not that a good word?
Duma. I would forget her, but a Feuer ſhee
Raignes in my blood, and will remembred be.
Ber. A Feuer in your blood, why then inciſion
Would let her out in Sawcers, ſweete miſpriſon.
Dum. Once more Ile reade the Odo that I haue writ.
Ber. Once more Ile marke how Loue can varrie Wit.

Dumaine reades his Sonnet.

On a day, alacke the day:
Loue, whoſe Month is euer May:
Spied a bloſſome paſſing faire,
Playing in the wanton aire:
Through the Veluet, leaues the wind,
All vnſeene, can paſſage finde:
That the Louer ſicke to death,